

blasphemous Pagan, caricatures of the crucifixion; the identification of the tradition of the Likeness with the introduction of the writings of St. John and the preponderating influence exercised by those writings upon



VII—Mosaic from the catacombs of St. Agnese; now in the Lateran Museum; probably the oldest and best authenticated instance of Christian mosaic work extant.

the art of the early church, have none of them been hitherto noticed. The questions on which further elucidation is desirable, are: firstly, the extent to which ecclesiastical decoration was carried in such churches as existed above ground during the first three centuries, and which might have afforded a preparatory school for the production of the works of art we see in such numbers, and



VIII—Mosaic from the chapel of the Baptistry of St. Constantine at Rome; ascribed to the time of Constantine.

possessing such high artistic power, in the age of Constantine; and secondly, whether it is possible to obtain clear and satisfactory evidence in support of the authenticity of other of the early Greek pictures, besides those now preserved in Enca and at St.



IX—Mosaic taken from the Roman catacombs; a work of great antiquity, bearing an inscription to the effect that the likeness is unsatisfactory.

Peters and thus add to the testimony that these ancient productions, worn by the first members of the church, and buried with them in their graves, were, in repeated instances executed at a time when they would have been brought under the direct notice of many who had actually seen the Lord.

In an extended article on this subject W. H. Ingersoll says:

"One face appears in all the centuries of Christian history, and in the art of every

European nation, as the picture of the world's Beloved.

"On the damp and gloomy walls of the catacombs of sepulture and worship, in the monuments of the primitive Christian Church, on the portals and in the apses of ancient Byzantine basilicas, in stately cathedrals of the middle ages, in the proud galleries of the world's art, and even on the humble walls of the lowliest homes, or in cherished books of the poor, that strange and wonderful face arrests the mind with a celestial thought, and charms the imagination with the hope that we may hereafter see Him as He is.

"Whether depicted in the coarse, rude lines of the earliest sketches, or in the finished touches of the master's skill; whether sad and painful with divine and human sorrow; or glorious in heavenly triumph, the same face is always represented. The whole of Christendom is enriched by these memorials of a divine visitation.

"With endless variations of lineaments and expression, there has always been preserved



X—Mosaic from the Basilica of Constantine.

a faithful adherence to the general type of some ancient ideal. In the midst of classic art, though about the period of its decline, there suddenly appeared the image of a strange but complete personality, differing from all pagan ideals. It was the Christ! He had come into the world, and lived and labored among men who cherished his memory; and they desired to leave to the ages to come some pictured remains of his human semblance.

"The oldest legend connected with the most



XI—Mosaic from the Church of St. Cosmo and Damian; Roman Forum.

ancient portrait-like picture of which we have any knowledge, relates to one Abgar Uchamo or Abgarus, King of Edessa in Mesopotamia. He was fatally ill, and having heard of the fame of Jesus as a healer, he sent a messenger from his rock-fortress city in the desert to Jerusalem, imploring the mighty One to come and heal him. Anan, the king's messenger was his secretary and a painter as well, and was instructed to bring a picture of the Wonder-worker if he could not induce Him to come in person to Edessa. Arriving at Jerusalem, Anan meets the Saviour, who tells him that he cannot leave his work to go on such a journey.

"Anan then resorts to his art, and tries to



XII—Mosaic from the chapel of St. Praxed.

paint a portrait of the face of Christ, and fails. But Jesus in pity gives him a napkin upon which He, in wiping his face, has imprinted the "holy image" of his countenance.

"Anan returns, and many strange adventures and wonderful escapes happen to him



XIII—Fragment of fresco from the catacombs, now in the Vatican; attributed to the second century.

XIV—Metal images of the Crucifixion of Christ, executed during the sixth century; supposed to be the oldest work of this kind extant; now in the Bibliotheca of the Vatican.

and to the picture; but the holy image always protects itself and him, and confounds his enemies, until he finally reaches the presence of the king and displays the precious face to



XV—Life-size Medallion Likeness from the catacombs, now in the chapel of the Cemetery of St. Callisto; unquestionably one of the oldest works found in the catacombs.

him. The monarch is instantly healed and converted to Christ. He writes a letter to his Saviour, who sends him an answer. This letter and reply are preserved in the Apocryphal Gospels.

"This unique picture, with its long, Syrian face, bright eyes and spirited expression, was known in the primitive Christian Church; probably to Tertullian, and doubtless to Eusebius, born A. D. 330, who mentions it in his works.

"There was certainly a first picture. We know of no one earlier than this, and it was this cherished image which the Greek painters in Syria, the Gnostics, and the early Christian artists copied in every variety of work, from the jewel for a ring to a mosaic or a statue.

"Whatever became of the original picture with its miraculous legends, this Oriental type was early brought to Rome by some copies from the East, and we find it running parallel with the Roman classic type, which was painted probably before the true one was known in Rome." W

The Smuggler's Wedding.

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Down among the cliffs of Devon—those mighty ones which guard the southern English coast eastward from Sidmouth, and not far from the quaint, rock-bound village of Vere—Isabel Venn, the comely, brown-haired fisherman's daughter, reigned over the sturdy hearts of the sea, subjugating alike the brawny fisher lad who swept the channel through the starlight nights of winter and the man-of-war's-man home on leave, while half the coast guards lapsed into chronic jealousy, and a few wild spirits, the special care of the coast guards, who traded secretly with Cherbourg, were among her most ardent admirers.

It was on Robert Dare, young, handsome, fearless and the most accomplished smuggler of the coast, that Isabel's choice fell. Devonshire smuggling over fifty years ago was a daring, almost chivalrous, enterprise, and from this and other causes it was tolerated by the people. Many a magistrate has traced his cellar's pride to a Vere fishing boat, and a lord bishop has

sent from afar for the pale French essence ere it had blushed itself brown in bond. Nor were mysterious sources wanting to supply the means. When Robert Dare needed funds for a voyage he used to say that he was "going up the landside a little," and that night he would come back with the needful. The third week in December, 1838, opened a cold, blustering time. Wreaths of fine snow wound round the doorsteps and hung over the small, diamond-paned windows of Vere. Times were hard; the coast guards vigilant. Prudence must defer the marriage of Robert and Isabel, which was to have come off at Christmas. The cronies of the Ship Inn deplored the prospect for the poor and shook their heads in sympathy as mild expiation for their comforting "rummers" of grog.

"Good evening, doctor," squeaked old Solomon Quigley, the parish clerk, as genial Dr. Bowlby came beaming in. For Dr. Bowlby came from Bovey manor, where Lady Lee had commissioned him to buy a hundred and fifty geese for the Christmas dinner of the needy. But Exeter and Honiton had absorbed the supply, so said the farmers present. Then up spoke Robert Dare:

"Geese are plentiful and cheap in France. I will get them by payment for my time."

Dr. Bowlby assented, the company applauded, and the grizzled coast guard captain stared over his long clay pipe at Robert in a look of dazed solicitude.

"Good night, my darling Belle," said Robert, kissing her at her father's cottage, "and may good luck attend me. I must go up the landside a little to-night."

The Seagull sailed out of the cove of Vere, and in due time sailed back again, a harbinger of good cheer for the poor.

"A welcome cargo," said Dr. Bowlby. "Take care of them to-night, Robert."

"Yes, a good selection," muttered the grizzled captain, peering into the recesses of the boat, "very good. There is absolutely nothing but the geese," he whispered dejectedly to himself; then louder to his neighbor:

"I say, Mr. Quigley, there is really nothing but the geese, you know."

"Nothing," piped Solomon, "unless there may be any ganders among 'em."

"Bah!" said the captain. And now the Ship Inn is a bower of evergreens, for to-morrow is Christmas eve.

"I hear," observed Mr. Quigley in a low, commanding tone, as he slowly filled his pipe, "that Robert Dare and Isabel Venn are to be married to-morrow."

"Yes," said the doctor, glancing from the punch bowl to the captain; "by license."

"I wish I may die," wheezed the landlord, "if I wasn't told that Robert had bought Rose cottage, in Seaford lane."

"And he is gone off today for furniture," said the captain; "mysterious, very."

"And quite a party is invited to the breakfast at Venn's afore they're off for a London honeymoon," gasped the landlord. "There's the vicar and squire and the doctor and the capten and Mr. Quigley and I, and some of the littler folks."

It was a pleasant wedding breakfast, in which the joy of the young people blended with the happy spirit of Christmas; the flag waved from the tower of the old gray church, and the notes of the bells floated down the valley until they were lost among the rocks.

"It is not true," said Robert in responding to the toast of bride and bridegroom, "that I have purchased Rose cottage; we are going into an established business at Exeter; but perhaps it is fit that I should explain some of the features of my last trip across the channel. The sage and onions that will fill the geese of our poor friends to-morrow will only succeed a far different stuffing. My neighbors all," and here Robert smiled brightly on the grizzled captain, "stowed in each goose, and now safe from the Philistines, was several guineas' worth of the most costly lace."

Loud was the laughter and cheering, which only subsided as the last toast was given:

"A merry Christmas to all friends here and everywhere, and a happy New Year when it comes!"

At this juncture the grizzled captain, who had been missed for a moment, reappeared with a florid face and sheepish air. He had taken off his uniform jacket with its gilt buttons and availed himself of the doctor's overcoat. Thus, with a lightened conscience, he joined in the toast with its "three times three."

The heads of several respected families in professional and trade life in the west of England are the sons and daughters of handsome Robert Dare and beautiful Isabel Venn.

JOHN ALDERGROVE.

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